Our Meeting Was Fate by BCI603

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Summary:

Hey guys! It's day two of Mileven week- Fate. I wasn't sure what to write for this but ultimately decided to write in the same verse as Eloquent Abilities! If you haven't read that and Phenomenal Mutiny, it will most definitely be confusing because it'll be confusing for those who have read them because it's a little further into the future than where Phenomenal Mutiny is now. Anyways, a few of the characters mentioned in this are in that series so if you're wondering who the hell they are, there's you answer :D Hope you guys enjoy!

P.S. Most of this was written on my phone and I don't have time to edit completely now so I'll do that later! XD

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Author's Note:

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November 1990

"Do you think Mike could have helped save the world say- six years ago if he knew about his powers before he turned fifteen?" Dustin asked, quite loudly.

"Shh!" Hopper hissed. "Are you trying to wake him up? He needs rest, Henderson."

"It's been a day though." Dustin whined.

"Mike literally turned one third of Hawkins into hell to save our asses yesterday, give him a *rest*." Max said, shaking her head at him.

"You didn't see how bad he looked, Dustin." El said quietly, walking into the living room and curling up on the couch next to Hopper. "You got knocked out- by what, actually?"

"A flying bat." He replied easily. She raised an eyebrow but shook her head.

"Anyways, God, he almost died on me, guys." She ran a hand through her hair. "He was so pale, blood *everywhere*. Remember how I looked after I closed the gate for the first time?" She asked. He and the others nodded. "Visualize that but five times worse. He couldn't move an inch afterwards and Catherine couldn't do anything because she was helping him. He reached his limit and *then some*." No one said anything for a while until Catherine herself came down the stairs slowly. Dustin got up to help her. Over the last few days she'd been helping everyone's injuries, taking small breaks in between.

"Mike's awake." She said tiredly. "Nancy and Karen are with him but he wants to see you guys." Dustin helped her sit in his spot and he looked at the others as he stood up to his full height.

"How does he look?" Will asked.

"He's still very pale and *very* weak, he can hardly lift his head up, but he's getting better and can talk a little." He nodded and the group of five practically ran up the stairs to Mike's room. He was lying on his back, propped up a little with pillows as Karen held a straw to his lips. He saw them and laid his head back, giving them a small smile. El rushed over to him and ran a hand through his hair.

"Hey baby." She whispered.

"Hey." He croaked.

"How are you feeling?" She asked as the other four gathered around behind her.

"Like I created hell."

"Mike's secretly the devil." Max joked.

"Damn right." He let out a breath and blinked slowly. "How is everyone else?... How are you guys?"

"Don't worry about us, Wheeler, we're fine." Max waved her hand at him.

"Everyone's fine." El told him, sitting on the edge of the bed. She glanced at Karen and Nancy who had moved to the corner to give

them space. "A few of us got injured but Cath has been healing us."

"Good." He let out a sigh. "Is she taking breaks?" El nodded with a smile.

"Dustin is making her. She's resting now." He nodded and turned his attention to Dustin, who was bouncing on his heels.

"Dustin?" Mike raised his eyebrows.

"I'm sorry, I was just worried." He replied. "How does it feel to have saved like the whole world?" Mike rolled his eyes and shook his head slightly.

"I don't think of saved the whole *world* Dustin."

"May as well have." Dustin scoffed. "You beat the Mind Flayer, Mike. Even El couldn't have done it." El and Mike both glared at him.

"You know damn well she could have, fucker." Mike grumbled. "I'd rather *I* almost die than her."

"You better not do that again, either." She scolded him softly.

"I hope I won't have to."

"How about both of you stop trying to save the world on your own, hm?" Karen said, giving them a look. "I'd rather you both be perfectly fine always." Mike chuckled.

"Okay mom."

December 1990

"Why do you think we met?" El asked, curled up in Mikes side. He smiled and kissed the side of her head.

"Ever heard of fate?" He asked. She nodded but made a face.

"I didn't think that was a good thing, though." She said.

"See, you know how other words have different meanings? Like the

word leaves, using it in a sentence I could say," He paused to look at her with a grin. "He hates when she leaves. Or the dog jumped into the leaves. Fate can be used in a different way. Brenner, for example, he met his fate last year. It's something that is meant to happen- he was meant to die for what he did."

"So how would you describe us meeting as fate?"

"Well, I think we were always supposed to meet, you know? If we hadn't met that night, or if you hadn't escaped, we probably would have crossed paths in the lab. Considering I ended up having powers, they'd have found me eventually and I'd have been tested the same way you were." He explained. She nodded. "It's like the butterfly effect- I've told you about that before- too, if one thing didn't happen in 1983, everything would be completely different today. I'd like to believe me and you would be together *somewhere* but we wouldn't be right here." She nodded again. "Everything we've been through was meant to happen and that's what fate means to me. Will was meant to go missing, we were meant to meet, you were meant to open the gate- whether it be by accident or if it had been on purpose. Fate." He shrugged a little.

"I love you." She whispered in his ear. "Thank you for explaining stuff to me- I always hated when teachers do it." He chuckled. "But I agree, I think we were meant to find each other too. If you had asked me what fate was I would've said something negative, that's what they taught us in English. Like all those stories where the heroes died and stuff?" He nodded

"Yeah, I liked reading them but I hated how they ended. You know how they're apparently based on *true* stories? I hated how they ended- never a happy ending." She nodded in agreement.

"Well, I think, if someone were to write a story about us, we'd have a happy ending." She smiled at him. He chuckled and nodded.

"I know we would."